EDITORIALS BY THE LAITY

Guarding the Health of Society.

By Paul Strauss.

AT THE international medical congress held recently in Budapest Prof. Landouzy of the French delegation emphasized once more the rôle which medicine and the physician must play in modern society. Medicine, he said, must be preventive. He urged his colleagues to be the "guardians" of public health instead of merely the "restorers" of the same.

Nothing should give more impetus to the ever growing interest in public health and physical welfare which manifests itself in the large cities of every civilized country than the exhortation this French savant gave to the delegates at the congress.

Prof. Landouzy emphasized that he did not at all intend to cast slurs upon curative medicine or to belittle the merits of therapeutics, but merely wished to point out the great benefits humanity has derived from the study and application of methods and means preventing disease and safeguarding public health.

The physicians who are instructed at the Pasteur institute have no higher ambition than that of being guardians of public health, than to hinder the spread of disease and make the race healthier and thereby happier.

Thanks to these men, a great many panics which in the past were superinduced by disease have disappeared. Thanks to them, the world has learned to defend itself against various plagues. Every one now feels more safe against microbes and all kinds of diseases than our ancestors felt when knowledge about those things was not so common, when medicine was curative, and curative only.

The more this tendency to spread the knowledge of preventive medicine or hygiene gains a foothold in society the happier society will be. The more public health is safeguarded by the ever increasing inventions of ways and means of preventing disease and ill health the more the old time fatalism which accompanied all diseases and epidemics will disappear.

The spectacle of the ease with which disease is conquered and its spread checked when the proper preventive and sanitary means are applied creates a general confidence among the people which should spur on the guardians of public health to still greater vigilance.

The leaders in medical science of today and the guardians of public health have demonstrated that in order properly to safeguard the public from contagious disease two things must be considered—the germ and the territory, or the seat of the germ. Just as it is important to eradicate the germ, so it is equally and perhaps still more important to watch over the territory in which this germ is located. In other words, to destroy the germ is not the only thing to be aimed at. To prevent the spread of the germ—that is equally if not more important for public safety and public health. A quarantined house is the surest way for the public to escape contagion. As for the individual, proper precautions and proper care of his health are the best preventives he can use against any inroads of disease into his system.

In the wholesale struggle against disease and the spread of contagious maladies which the state is carrying on with the aid of physicians there is room for others who can be of great assistance in this work of making human beings healthier and happier. There is ample work here for men and women with philanthropic inclinations. In struggling for public health one necessarily must carry on a struggle against poverty and physical and moral degradation. This struggle can be carried on by keeping up an intense and untiring campaign of education and agitation. The professional educators, however, cannot alone carry on such a widespread campaign. They must have voluntary assistants. And it is here that some of our philanthropic people can be of great service to the community.

Among these voluntary teachers in public health women must be in the first ranks. They should visit the poor and the sick. These visits, if properly conducted, will give them every opportunity to supplement the physician, to popularize his theories, to teach the poor how to keep a household in sanitary condition, and to tell them what the first principles of hygiene are.

We must educate the poor not merely because it is proper for society to be charitable towards its weaker and more fortunate members but in our own interests, for our own safety.

Poverty, slovenliness, and ignorance are the things which breed disease, which breed plagues and epidemics, both physical and moral. To dispel, therefore, this ignorance which reigns among the poor on hygienic sanitation, as well as a great many other subjects, and to reform their customs and remove their prejudices is a work which all must take a part in.

Physicians, philanthropists, educators, women, and the government are all charged, as it were, with that social mission of instructing the ignorant and aiding the disinherited. They all must assist in the work of spreading the benefits of preventive medicine, the teachings of hygiene, and of the foresight and forethought which lead to a sounder individual and national health and well being.

Women Famous as Nations' Rulers.

By M. Chatto Svend.

NOWADAYS when the cry of woman's equality or perhaps I ought to say, her superiority, to man is sounding far and wide, it is of interest to consider how women have borne themselves in the one great position to which from early times their claims have been acknowledged, the highest position of all, that of sovereign.

And it is interesting to note that in the majority of cases, a woman's reign has been an eventful one for her country. Queens have made names for themselves. A woman may rise to the highest position in the realm by being either regnant or regent. She may exercise with her husband or brother a joint power, as Hatasu of Egypt, Mary II. of England, or Sophia of Russia. She may rule as the Queen Mother Catherine de Medici did. She may be as absolute as Queen Catherine of Russia, or Elizabeth of England, or as constitutional as Victoria the good.

One of the first female sovereigns on record is Nitocris of the Sixth Egyptian dynasty, whose history is so legendary that it is almost impossible to state whether her existence is fact or not. We find Nefertari, greatest but one of all the queens of Egypt, born a royal heiress and reigning jointly with her son. After her death she was worshiped. Hatasu reigned jointly with her young half-brother for thirteen years.

There have been several empresses regent in Russia, although only one attained real greatness. The greatest Russian female sovereign, and who was perhaps the greatest sovereign, with the exception of Peter the Great, that ruled in that empire, was not a Russian at all. Catherine II. was the German wife of Peter III., a woman of the greatest strength of character, who headed a bloodless revolution against her husband, succeeding him as empress regnant.

She made a bold attempt at ecclesiastical reform. The lands and serfs that had hitherto belonged to the monasteries were taken over by the state, and the priests had definite salaries assigned them for the future. The position of the nobles was greatly improved under Catherine, who granted them a charter defining their immense powers and privileges. The condition of the middle classes was improved in this reign.

Catherine was a great patron of literature, wrote and translated herself. And it was during her reign a national literature began. She also helped to establish schools for all classes, and took much interest in the founding of the picture gallery in St. Petersburg.

The histories of the four queens regent of England are well known. The reign of Elizabeth was a great and glorious reign for England. Her power of diplomacy and the efficient way in which she played off one foreign nation against another are hardly yet fully appreciated, while she had at her beck and call such adventurous gentlemen as Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh, Sidney, and many another name written in English history. From Elizabeth we are naturally led to think of her rival, Mary Stuart, and the perpetual mystery that enshrouds her. The controversy that rages around that unfortunate queen will continue to the end of time and the mystery be no nearer solution.

In thinking of Mary Stuart we are led to think of the woman under whose influence she spent the early years of her life, the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medici, the famous wife or the infamous wife, of one king of France and mother of three succeeding sovereigns. Her influence reached its height during the reign of her second son, Charles IX., when she indulged to the full her animosity against the Huguenots. Her career was one of the most infamous in history, but luckily her influence waned to a great extent under her third son, Henry III.

Anne of England's reign has been called the Golden Age. Many events of the greatest importance took place during the short time, but her personal influence on the national policy was nil.

The reign of Mary II. of England is like that of Isabella of Castile, so merged in that of her husband that it is difficult to know what events and policies to attribute to the queen herself. Spanish writers are generally so Castilian in their prejudices that they exalt Isabella at the expense of her consort, but they cannot be relied on in their accounts.

The great and glorious reign of Victoria is too recent to need comment. It was without doubt the greatest in the annals of England, as it was the longest. From beginning to end it was a triumph for the queen and her ministers.

In modern times we have the extraordinary history of the dowager empress of China to point as a witness that women are seldom nonentities in high place, and also the successfully begun reign of that young queen to whom all eyes have recently turned, the queen of Holland. Enough has been said to show that many of the women placed in the highest positions used their power with great ability, and often with distinct genius.

'Graveyard' No Place for Young Man.

By John A. Howland.

THERE are regiments of young men, trying to find themselves in business life as employés, who feel the necessity of "sizing up" the big institution in which they may feel their future must be developed. Entering a house with a view to reaching full manhood in its service, naturally the thoughtful one would like to make a survey of his prospects.

"What are my chances here at the end of fifteen years or so?"

It is a pertinent question not at all easy to answer by the young man who may have most of his experience yet to gain. He is not long enough in the house to determine its methods. Its atmosphere has not impressed him. Its details of everyday work are keeping him quite busy enough. Still, he would like to know.

Not long ago I was talking with a young man who had just taken a good position as a beginner in a prominent establishment. He was most enthusiastic in his praises of the house. He had a prematurely developed loyalty which, on a more rational basis, ought to have made him a valuable asset in any house where his services might have drifted.

He began reciting to me some of the impressions of the big things characteristic of the business. He told me that his general manager was a man whom his house had "taken away" from a $25,000 salary in a competing establishment and doubled the sum in order to hold him. There was a superintendent, two or three important department heads, an advertising manager, head bookkeeper, and the like, all of whom had been "taken away" from competing establishments at increased salaries in order that this young man's house might be fortified against all competitions everywhere.

"It takes money to do that," observed the young man, a touch of pride in his voice.

"And a tremendous lack of comprehension on the part of the heads of the establishment," I added, in a tone that forced me to make clear the point my comment had raised.

The house which my young friend was praising had been established for years. In general it was of a character to have brought to it in those years some of the highest types of young men entering business. Bradstreet's nor the company's banking house ever had nursed a doubt as to its financial credit. Officers and stockholders in the institution had both social and financial standing in the community.

But after all these growing, prosperous years, my young friend was reminding me that the executive heads of the establishment, almost without exception, had been drawn at heavy premium from competing houses in which these men had developed!

Proud of the fact that this house had the discernment and the money to find these developed men outside the business and pay the premium necessary to get them, he had overlooked the pointed question of why his house hadn't developed these men to its own needs from within its own walls? Why hadn't the house done so? More concretely, why had my young friend been so roseately hopeful over the fact that he had been accepted as a potential factor in the house's future?

Some president of the company, some members of his staff, some others in the directorate—these had started out years before with a new organization having a new managerial head to command the file of its new workers. Somewhere the false idea had found lodgment that the file of its employés should remain employé only in a minor sense. It must be necessary always to get executive blood from outside the house. And they had continued the policy, paying larger and larger premiums for the privilege of choice as the years went on.

As Marshall Field once dubbed the situation, that young man "had a job in a graveyard." He would spend years digging his own grave within it. As a sarcophagus it was a stately edifice, solid and on correct line. The only question was, Should its young man be robbed of his premature loyalty and be told where his digging likely would end?

Loyalty is and always will be the foundation stone of a business which must depend upon the worker, whether he be in the rank of officer or in the file of the mass producers. When an employer sends out for an executive, holding in his hand only the money that is necessary to bring that executive to his aid, what are his chances for buying that man's loyalty?

The chances are not many, everything considered. If some woman with a friend having an exceptionally good housemaid sends to this friend's house and by offer of more money and lighter work takes the girl's services, that friendship almost inevitably is broken for all time. This principle, presumably, cuts no figure in business. But it does!

That executive brought from the house that has developed him doesn't forget where he was given his opportunities. Perhaps before his going he has spoken with his employers, who, realizing that they cannot pay him the salary that is offered elsewhere, have released him with a Godspeed. Granting any measure of this possibility, can one imagine that this new employé in the new house, at double his former salary, has brought with him any sense of loyalty?

"They had to have me," he says to himself; "they were in a corner and they didn't know where else to turn!"

Not a wholly desirable starting in, is it? Then his employer, narrow enough not to have manufactured his own executive, is disposed to look for results quickly. Isn't he paying double the former salary of the man? Isn't he giving the new man a free hand?

By no means! And why? In the first place, the executive is new. He must feel his way for a while, and in feeling his way he meets at least that intangible antagonism of men in the house who may have thought of filling the place themselves. They are sore and disheartened. Any one of them, years in the place, would have jumped at the chance to do and at half the salary forced upon the new and untried man. In this situation, could anything more logically invite a destructive friction than pressure upon the new man to show results?

For the new man at the big salary has his "contract." He has made sure of that. It may run five years or it may be ten years, owing to the pressure of need felt by his employer. Faithful men, years in the service of the house, may be "fired" tomorrow; the new executive at the big salary is safe!

Look these things over, young man. If really you have something in you and can make a diagnosis of your prospects, one way or another, the time spent will be well worth while. Don't work in a graveyard!

New New York as Prof. Van Dyke Sees It.

By Ella W. Peattie.

IT was inevitable that, with the approach of the Fulton-Hudson celebration, there should come into existence certain books descriptive of New York as it was, and New York as it is. Among the latter class is "THE NEW NEW YORK," the joint work of Prof. John C. Van Dyke and Joseph Pennell, the first contributing, as it is needless to say, the letter press, and the latter the quite incomparable illustrations.

Of Prof. Van Dyke's work it may be said that he has endeavored to play the part of a realist with an enthusiasm. He has not idealized New York, nor attempted to claim for her virtues foreign to her, but he has made the most of such glories as she does possess, and has offered a defense for her assertive materialism. As for Mr. Pennell, he is an illuminated impressionist, and he has held an enchanted mirror up to the city, in which she will at times have no little difficulty in recognizing her own features, so refined and elevated an aspect has the artist bestowed upon them.

These illustrations are numerous—there must be considerably more than a hundred—and of these, at least two dozen are in color. They interpret New York life delicately, enhancing it skillfully, as the beauty of a woman is enhanced by her costume, her coiffure, her veil, and her fastidiously administered cosmetics.

Van Dyke describes his New York well, admitting the violent contrasts, the amazing vulgarity, the underlying greed, but recognizing these things as a part of her vitality, her youth, her passion for "getting on." Commerce, he admits, is the salient feature of the metropolis. But he refuses to apologize for that.

"All the famed towns of Europe—Florence, Venice, Vienna, Paris, London—came to their greatness through their wealth and commerce," he writes. "Their streets and parks and plazas, their public buildings, and cathedrals and campaniles which we today call 'beautiful' were in their time merely the manifestation of energy as applied to material needs. And they were beautiful largely because they were well fitted to their time and people. Fitness to a designed end is always admirable, just as admirable in a modern battleship or skyscraper as in a Venetian barca or a medieval bell tower. For wherever or whenever the work is perfectly adapted to use it takes upon itself character, and it is no new theory under the sun that beauty lies in character perhaps more often than in proportion, symmetry, or grace.

"Why not then, beauty in the city of New York? Is not everything in it well fitted (or rapidly becoming so, at least) to fulfill its functions as a great seaport, a commercial center, a [illegible] metropolis? Has it not already the distinct, decisive character of its own? Of course it will never become beautiful in a Florentine or even a Parisian sense. Those ideals of fitness have passed, and the likeness will not be repeated in this western world. Why should we follow outworn precedents? What would you have in twentieth century New York—city walls affording no protection to the city, lofty campanile with bell ringing obsolescent, quaint bridges for a few hundred foot passengers, instead of great structures to accommodate hundreds of thousands? This new civilization calls for a different expression in art from that. It calls for the things that reveal our western life and its energy. If we build for our present day needs with honesty and sincerity, we shall have no cause to blush.

"This, however, to the average man, in or out of New York, is a somewhat violent conclusion. He blushes unconsciously and offers apologies profusely for the skyscrapers, the tunnels, the bridges, the subways. But there is no good reason for his doing so. They are necessities of the city's life, they work perfectly, fulfilling each its aim and purpose, each helping the other like the wheels of a great machine set in motion. And after their kind they are every one of them right, characteristic, and beautiful. Their fitness makes them so.

"But how difficult it is to make the New Yorker believe that utility is the basis of beauty! He keeps harking back to Venetian buildings and bridges, thinking, perhaps, because they are now picturesque they never could have been useful. 'Will New York ever become like that?' he asks. No; it certainly will not. But in its own way it is just as beautiful, just as picturesque at the present time, as London or Paris, or any other European city.

"Unfortunately, though we have eyes, the majority of us see little with them. Not one in a hundred of its citizens has ever seen New York. It is too near. There is no perspective, no proper focus. Even our painter people are a little bewildered by its 'bigness.' They do scraps of color, odd bits along the Harlem, a city square or street, but with a few exceptions, they have not risen to the vast new city. That the 'big' things, the high bridges, the colossal skyscrapers, the high factories, the enormous waterways, are pictorial in themselves, needs no wordy argument. The illustrations in this volume are sufficient proof. In them Mr. Pennell has shown that the material is here and that it needs only the properly adjusted eyes to see its beauty. That beauty, in the original as in the pictures, is not a harmony of streets, squares, and houses, nor a formal arrangement of monuments, towers, and domes; but rather a new sublimity that lies in majesty of mass, in aspiring lines against the upper sky, in the brilliancy of color, in the mystery of fields of shadow, in the splendor of fields of light—above all, in the suggested power and energy of New York life."

This is a brave defense, and a just one. Moreover, the last expression is essentially and vitally true. It is the power and energy of our American cities which gives them their significance, their peculiar differentiation from the other cities of the world.

The chapter on the homes and houses of New York is particularly interesting. Mr. Van Dyke has seen what he has seen, and he gauges to the full the tentative character of the New York home, and the nomadic nature of a large number of the people. Twenty years, as he remarks, is a long time for one family to reside in a house. The tenure is too uncertain.

"In the quietest of domestic circles," he says, "there is more or less of uneasiness. The restlessness percolates brick and stone uptown, as well as steel and cement downtown. People keep pacing up and down, mentally, if not phyically; and the nervous energy of business New York, though it may be subdued, kept in abeyance, is nevertheless present at the dinner table of social New York. It is in the air, in the brain, in the blood. No one is quite free from it, save those who are beyond influences of any kind."

No one can write truly of New York without picturing its contrasts, and this Mr. Van Dyke has done. He attaches even more importance to them, indeed, than the circumstances warrant—for who supposes a great city can be consistent? At the last he soars—he prophesies. It seems rather amusing, but it may be, upon reflection, sublime. At any rate, it was in the program to do it. Perhaps the "future port of New York may reach to Montauk Point, with all Long Island in the greater ring," ejaculates Prof. Van Dyke. "In the time to come, a quarter of a century hence, the traveler returning to New York may find the age of wonder has not passed. The city should be more awe inspiring than ever—a city of the same hurrying energy perhaps, devoted to business still, leavening its life with the humanities here and there, aspiring to mentality and even to righteousness; but always a city of commerce, of display, of wealth and luxury, of color, and of light. The greatest port on any sea, with the wealth of the Americas behind it, should outsoar in majesty and outshine in splendor any other city of the modern world. A slighter commerce and a less virile energy heaped magnificence upon Tyre and Carthage and Rome. Why not the repetition of the tale, increased, a hundred fold, in the new New York?"

Why not, indeed? When one considers in how brief a space of time New York has arisen to be one of the most fascinating, amazing, acclaiming cities of the world one may prophesy, without fear of contradiction, the largest expansion within geographical limits, the utmost utilization of material, the most aggressive pushing of commercial opportunities. And more beside, no doubt—enrichments of art, development of science, splendid civic prodigalities, triumphs of benevolence over selfishness! Verily, verily, why not prophesy?

THE LITTLE RED RIBBON.

I sing not of battles nor conquerors laden
With trophies their valor has won in the strife;
My song is the love of a shy little maiden
Who smiled on me in the morning of life.
I whispered my passion. Though clumsily spoken,
With tear shining lashes she heeded my prayer;
With the ring of betrothal I begged for a token,
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.
Though now it is faded,
I picture it braided,
The way that it shimmered that night on the stair;
And often I kiss it,
And think how I'd miss it—
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

The years have flown by and her locks have grown whiter;
I smile when she speaks of the gray in the gold;
I whisper to her that her glances are brighter,
Her dimples more witching than ever of old.
Our love-life has witnessed more laughing than weeping;
We chase with fond kisses the footprints of care;
But my own little wife never dreams I am keeping
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.
Though faded and crinkled,
And rumpled and wrinkled,
The bonnie, bright looping that glistened so fair.
Far down in my pocket
It lies in a locket—
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

THE GENTLE CYNIC.

That silence is golden is a comforting belief to the fellow who can never think of a good answer.

Nothing is so annoying to the man who is fond of giving advice as to have his friends succeed by going contrary to it.

Just because a man eats with his knife and murders the king's English, don't jump to the conclusion that he is a millionaire.

Prejudices are merely other people's opinions.

The woman who tries to conceal her age is generally old enough to know better.

The man who marries for money often has a harder job getting it than the fellow who works for it.

The June bridegroom is apt to wonder whether the summer days are really longer or if they just seem so.

When a girl stops wondering just what the sensations of love are, she has found out.

Almost as much sympathy is wasted on the under dog as on the henpecked husband.

Nature generally manages to adjust herself. The quarrelsome people are usually the ones who get married.

If she sticks to the job long enough the girl who becomes a young man's slave may also develop into an old man's darling.

About the only people who don't quarrel over religion are the people who haven't any.

It's a good plan to keep your trouble to yourself till you meet some fellow who is looking for it.

Many marital difficulties can be traced to the fact that it is easier to tell a little lie than to answer a lot of questions.

It requires considerable equilibrium to be able to roll in wealth without rolling out of it.

There is no middle ground with some men. They either have to be on the water wagon or on the tank.

Simplicity the Keynote of Paris at Play.

by Ellen FitzGerald.

THE French are the most industrious people in the world; they are likewise the most pleasure loving. How they combine industry and pleasure is one of their many social triumphs. In attempting to give even a faint picture of Paris as a playground, and of the Parisians as they enjoy themselves in the stress of city life, some idea of how they interpret a beautiful city as not merely something to look at but as a place in which to live, must be given.

To begin with, the French conceive a house as a place to sleep in; the rest of their living is out of doors. In Paris the street is a social center. It is a place for the table and its pleasures, for the bar and its conviviallities; a place less for moving than for resting. The awnings offer shade, the trees more shade; for the weary there is rest, for the hungry and thirsty there are food and drink. There need be no worry about being in some one's way. There is room for all in a big city where openness and freedom prevail.

In this street life the café rises to the dignity of an institution, and a simple institution it is. An uncovered table, a chair or a bench near it, with a solitary occupant, in any obscure corner of Paris is a café. Many fine tables, many dainty chairs, many finely dressed people on a spacious boulevard are also a café.

Sitting at these tables for a hearty bit of refreshment on the way to work is a custom of busy people; tarrying on the boulevards for hours and hours is a pastime of the leisure loving, one they indulge in night and day.

Parisians do not seem to come to these cafés, but to have been always there. They do not observe while they sit and sip; they have always looked on the pageant of pleasure and business whirling by. They are part of the city whose whole structure is essentially adapted to the soft things of life—abundance of shade, beauty of architecture, resting places everywhere.

What strikes one in this outdoor boarding is the variety in the types who find refreshment in public view, the workman in his long blouse, the student scanning his notes, the man of no particular stamp toying with his gloves, are at adjacent tables. Near them is a group of women who will not tarry long, for the women of Paris are the workers and only the men can linger long over the glasses. It is in the evening that women really give distinction to the cafés. They need not hurry then, they have escorts, and the whole appearance of the cafés at night is enchanced by their presence.

Even more as a permanent pleasure in Paris than sitting in the cafés is the promenade. The French do not walk to go anywhere, but simply as a social pastime. They walk not singly or in couples but in files of four or five, keeping time to their motion by gesture, speech and those little unnamed social graces they are born to. This aimless walking back and forth is a much better way of airing one's finery than sitting in the cafés; and take away their finery, and the French are even as the rest of us, ordinary mortals, plodding at dull existence. But given the feathers and the fans, the flowing wrap and the trailing robe, the dainty shoes, and daintier gloves, all in marching order, all in the command of the most self-conscious woman in the world; give these women escorts tailored to the last degree of precision, and it is easily seen why walking in Paris is not wholly an exercise for health.

It may seem strange to speak of the French and especially Parisians as a people of simple pleasures, yet that is the term closely descriptive of most of their social life. It is only necessary to frequent their public parks to be convinced of this. The spirit of play, recreation, is nowhere more spontaneous, more really childlike. Men and women join with the children in the simplest games, and are as eager in their enjoyment of them as children.

No spot in Paris is so ideal for the study of the out of door life as the Luxembourg gardens. From the baby with its rattle to the savant with his books, the whole park is an evidence of how simply the French enjoy themselves. They gather in groups, and fall into some kind of amusement; it may be tossing a ball, or practicing a game, or more often it is that most delightful of pastimes—conversation. This is the most prevalent recreation, the simplest form and at the same time the severest test of sociability. That the French have developed it into an art, is another evidence of their mastery of social life.

Driving as a pastime in Paris is like the café, an institution. It was for this the boulevards have been planned, the great arches have an especial location, and the more prominent squares an especial spaciousness.

All driving as a recreation naturally tends toward these centers, and as the movement from point to point intensifies—say from the Place de la Concorde to the Bois de Boulogne, or from the Arc de Triomphe to any of its many radiating boulevards, becoming a kind of impromptu procession in the carefully designed avenue—Champs Elysées—it is an unforgettable sight.

But the real triumph of the freedom, good order, and whole hearted joy of French out of door life is in the street dancing. This is their form of celebration of the great fête days of July 14, 15, and 16.

Given a well paved and well lighted street, erect a stand for a few musicians, and the people of that neighborhood gather, the music begins, and with it feet fly over the pavement like magic. Girls dance together, boys together, the grocer comes from his counter, the butcher drops his cleaver, each takes his wife or his daughter, or maybe his little son, and all dance heartily. Couples emerge from the thick massed crowds on the sidewalks, and you have a street dance in Paris.

Walk a few blocks further and you find another "ball" in progress, differing from the first perhaps in being in a neighborhood where dancing is less vehement and more graceful, but where there is the same freedom, the same joy in the dance for the sake of the dance. Visit another and still another, and everywhere the crowds press, everywhere the music plays, and everywhere order, good behavior prevail.

Nothing could be farther from rowdyism than this street dancing. It does not matter that these open air balls are held near cafés, that the dancers drink and then dance, and dance and then drink; there is no drunkenness, only talk, and music, and rhythmic motion; a whole hearted participation by young and old in a pastime essentially sensible.

This street dancing occurs but once a year. There seems to be little need of setting aside fixed modes of pleasure in Paris. Parisians have a genius for keeping to the sunny side of life. If they have no time to go to the park, they make a park of their garden; if the café is far away, straight they bring their chairs outside the garden and make themselves part of the street life. If they cannot afford a vacation to the seaside, a penny ride on the Seine, a bit of bread and wine under a tree will do. Is the opera too dear?—they flock to the public gardens for a concert which is next to being free, and to all these they bring their good manners, their pleasure in one another, an instructive joy in the simple things of life.